C A L L A N

"All Spies are Alike"

by

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CAST

CALLAN
HUNTER
MERES
LONELY

MARSHALL
NADIA
BELUKOV
CHELENKO
ROSS
DOCTOR

SETS

INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE AND TARGET RANGE
INT. PET SHOP AND BACKSHOP
INT. PUB (CORNER TABLE)
INT. BEDROOM
INT. EMBASSY ROOM
INT. UNDERGROUND LIFT

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FADE IN:

1. EXT. STREET. DAY.

CLOSE ON A DACHSHUND WADDLING ALONG THE PAVEMENT, ONE OF ITS HIND LEGS ~~ENCASED IN PLASTER~~ BANDAGED. LEADING THE DOG IS ERIC MARSHALL, A MAN ABOUT FIFTY IN A SHOPKEEPER'S OVERALL. WE SEE HIM GREET SEVERAL OTHER TRADERS AND THEN ENTER HIS OWN PET SHOP, WHICH HAS THE USUAL ARRAY OF HUTCHES AND EMPTY BIRD-CAGES OUTSIDE. THERE IS ALSO A PLASTER PANDA WITH A COLLECTION BOX AROUND ITS NECK FOR THE RSPCA.

2. INT. PET SHOP. DAY.

NADIA MARSHALL LOOKS UP AS HER FATHER ENTERS. SHE IS A SLIM, RATHER SEVERE-LOOKING GIRL IN HER LATE TWENTIES, ALSO DRESSED IN AN OVERALL. SHE IS SPONGING THE SHELL OF A TORTOISE.

NADIA: How is he ?

MARSHALL: Much better. even if he still finds it a bit tricky at lamp-posts.

NADIA: Father !

They both talk with very slight accents.

SMILING, ~~SHAKING~~ SHE REPLACES THE TORTOISE AND MAKES FOR THE BACKSHOP. MARSHALL GENTLY PUTS THE DOG IN ITS KENNEL.

MARSHALL: There we are, my little sausage.

AS HE TURNS HE GLANCES OUT OF THE WINDOW - TENSES AS SOMETHING CATCHES HIS ATTENTION.

3. EXT. PET SHOP. DAY.

A MAN HAS STOPPED OUTSIDE THE SHOP WITH A SMALL BOY, WHO IS PUTTING COPPERS IN THE PANDA COLLECTION BOX. THE BOY MAKES A MOVE TO COME INTO THE SHOP, BUT THE MAN PULLS HIM AWAY, AND THEY WALK OFF ALONG THE PAVEMENT.

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4. INT. PET SHOP. DAY.

CLOSE ON MARSHALL, FROWNING.

NADIA'S VOICE: (O.S.) Coffee's ready.

MARSHALL: All right, I'm coming.

FOR A MOMENT HE HESITATES, THEN OPENS THE DOOR AND STEPS OUT OF THE SHOP. CAMERA PANS BACK TO NADIA HOLDING TWO CUPS. SHE REACTS AS SHE SEES WHAT HER FATHER IS DOING. MARSHALL REAPPEARS WITH THE PANDA, LOCKS THE DOOR AND TURNS THE SIGN TO "CLOSED". HE BRINGS THE PANDA FURTHER BACK INTO THE SHOP SO THAT NOTHING CAN BE SEEN FROM THE STREET. THEY EXCHANGE A LOOK, THEN MARSHALL OPENS THE COLLECTION BOX WITH A KEY. INSIDE, AS WELL AS COPPERS, ARE SEVERAL SLIPS OF PAPER. AS HE TAKES THEM OUT, MARSHALL'S SHOULDERS SEEM TO SAG A LITTLE

MARSHALL: What time is it ?

NADIA: Ten thirty. And it's the second ~~Friday~~ Tuesday of the month.

MARSHALL: I know. Better do it now.

HE TURNS TO A SHELF ON WHICH THERE ARE TWO MICE CAGES, ONE EMPTY. AS HE REACHES FOR THE CAGE WITH THE MICE IN IT, NADIA JOINS HIM.

NADIA: Let me lift that.

MARSHALL: I can manage. Bring the other cage.

5. INT. BACKSHOP. DAY.

A SMALL KITCHEN - LIVING ROOM. DIVAN BED IN CORNER. ~~ALSO USED FOR EATING.~~ MARSHALL CARRIES THE FIRST MICE CAGE, WHICH SEEMS STRANGELY HEAVY, TO A TABLE AND LAYS IT DOWN. NADIA PUTS THE EMPTY ONE BESIDE IT, AND AS THEY TALK THE MICE ARE TRANSFERRED FROM ONE CAGE TO THE OTHER.

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MARSHALL: I was hoping they'd leave us alone.

NADIA: It'll soon be someone else's turn.

MARSHALL: Yes. And that's the moment when one feels most nervous. Do you feel nervous ?

NADIA: ~~Why~~ I'll be glad when that's all. it's over, For your sake.

MARSHALL HAS REMOVED THE SOILED TRAY FROM THE BASE OF THE FIRST CAGE. AS HE REACHES INTO THE BASE CAMERA PUSHES IN CLOSE TO REVEAL A SLEEK, POWERFUL-LOOKING RADIO TRANSMITTER IN ITS MOUNTING.

OPENING CREDITS

6. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

ON A CHAIR BESIDE HUNTER'S DESK SITS A PUGGY LOOKING DOG. HUNTER FEEDS IT A BISCUIT. SHOW CALLAN, BORED.

CALLAN: Dogs do resemble their masters. I'll bet Meres has a poofy little poodle.

HUNTER: You aren't fond of animals, Callan ?

CALLAN: Only as footstools.

HUNTER: (FONDLING DOG) Bought him this ~~today~~ nothing. Birthday present for my youngest. What do you think of Caesar for a name ?

CALLAN: Two ... in one family ?

HUNTER: I was hoping we were going to have a cordial meal.

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CALLAN: I was hoping we were going to have a meal. (LOOKS POINTEDLY AT HIS WATCH) It's one-fifty.

HUNTER FLIPS HIS INTERCOM, SPEAKS INTO IT.

HUNTER: Sandwiches and coffee.

CALLAN: You never did spend your expenses.

NIBBLING A DOG BISCUIT, HUNTER CROSSES TO A PROJECTOR.

HUNTER: A working lunch.

CLOSE ON CALLAN AS HE GETS UP FROM HIS CHAIR.

CALLAN'S VOICE: (S.O.V.) Oh, no, you don't, Hunter. You didn't mention work. I thought I'd have a free nosh out of your pocket. I ought to have known.

HUNTER: Just the same, I think I can serve you up something hard to resist. Not quite on a plate, of course, but we'll come to that.

CALLAN: Sorry, Hunter.

HUNTER PROJECTS A PICTURE OF THE PET SHOP. CALLAN PAUSES ON HIS WAY OUT.

HUNTER: Marshall's Pet Shop, Shepherd's Bush.

CALLAN: Where you went to see a man about a pug ?

HUNTER: This man. (PROJECTS PICTURE) Eric Marshall, aged fifty-two, residen in Britain for four years. Popular in his neighbourhood. Real name .. Mareschke. Real occupation ..spy.

NOW HUNTER PUTS UP A PICTURE OF NADIA.

HUNTER: (CONTD) His daughter, Nadia.

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CALLAN: Some animals I like.

HUNTER: She's also trained in espionage. We've known about the pet shop for over six months.

CALLAN: Without picking them up ?

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HUNTER: It's only a kind of sub post-office. So far, we've preferred to watch. And now and then we've even made use of them.

CALLAN: False information ?

HUNTER: The odd titbit, duly passed on. The Marshalls are really no more than the clerks of their "ring" - radioing at pre-arranged times, reducin stuff to microdots, delivering to dead letter boxes around London.

CALLAN: Just the sort of cushy number I used to fancy sometimes.

HUNTER: And repeatedly tried to be transferred to.

CALLAN: Only to be blocked by you, you bastard.

HUNTER: You're too special, Callan.

CALLAN: Wrong tense. I was. Nowadays I'm one of the unregistered players. Almost out of the game.

HUNTER: Which increases your usefulness.

CUT TO:

7. INT. TARGET RANGE. DAY.

VERY CLOSE ON ROSS, WHOSE FACE FILLS THE SCREEN, COVERED WITH SWEAT. THERE IS A ROAR OF GUNSHOT.

MERES' VOICE: (O.S.) Once again. Your name ?

ROSS: Ross.

ANOTHER SHOT CRASHES OUT.

MERES' VOICE: (O.S.) Roscovitch. Get it right.

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ANOTHER ANGLE TO SHOW ROSS IS SEATED IN A CHAIR AT THE TARGET END, HIS ARMS PINNED BEHIND HIS BACK BY A PAIR OF HANDCUFFS ATTACHED TO A METAL BAR. ON A NEARBY TABLE IS A SUITCASE, THE CONTENTS OF WHICH HAVE BEEN LAID OUT ALONG WITH ROSS'S JACKET AND OTHER PERSONAL EFFECTS. MERES RELOADS A REVOLVER AT THE AIMING POINT, VISIBLY ENJOYING HIMSELF.

MERES: You'll tire me out. Spoil my aim. You wouldn't want that, would you ? So why not be sensible, and talk ?

ROSS: I tell you, you must have got the wrong man at the airport. It's ridiculous to suggest I'm a spy.

HE SPEAKS WITH A STIFF, CORRECT ENGLISH ACCENT.

MERES: Really ? (TAKES AIM) Let's see .. a magpie at three o'clock. That should be just past your left ear. Jolly good accent you have, by the way.

ROSS KEEPS HIS HEAD PAINFULLY STILL AS MERES FIRES AGAIN. AS THE BULLET MISSES HIM, HE SAGS WITH RELIEF.

ROSS: This is a nightmare.

MERES: Isn't it.

ROSS: I never thought it would happen in this country.

MERES: Frightfully bad taste to welcom you like this, I agree. But we do need information from you rather urgently. Just a spot of in-filling, like code names and so on.

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ROSS: Since I haven't the ghost of an idea what you're talking about, how can I assist ? You might as well be discussing bird-life on another planet.

MERES: Goodness, you chaps are really getting nifty at turning a phrase ! Who'd ever think you simply changed planes at Johannesburg..

ROSS: Youhave my Passport. I'm a South African.

MERES: Very useful.

ROSS: I've explained. I had to get out because of different political views.

We know about your politics. But

MERES: ~~Oh, we know you have three. Both~~ ~~they don't have anything to do with apartheid.~~ ~~Coloured Rule.~~ (LAYS DOWN GUN) Look, you and I, Roscovitch, were in the same business. I admire your nerve. I don't want to break it.

HE OPENS A CUPBOARD AND BRINGS OUT A GOLF CLUB.

Face up to it - you've joined the hole-in-one club. Straight into our hands, ~~before you could bounce off to take up your duties here.~~ Sky

ROSS STARES AT THE GOLF CLUB. NOW MERES BRINGS OUT A BOX OF BALLS.

ROSS: What's that for ?

MERES: Do you play golf ?

ROSS: No.

MERES: My favourite game. Seldom get the chance øfzazgame these days, but I like to keep in trim. Don't tell my chief, but I use this place for practice swings. Ideal. You can blast the ball end to end. Hard as you like.

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MERES PLACES A BALL ON AN INDOOR PRACTICE TEE, PREPARES HIS STANCE TO DRIVE. SHOW ROSS'S EXPRESSION. THEN MERES DRIVES WITH A VICIOUS WHOOSH. HOLD ON HIM.

MERES: Sliced a bit, there.

CUT TO:

8. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

HUNTER IS SHOWING X PHOTOGRAPHS OF MARSHALL HANDLING SEVERAL RATHER WILD-LOOKING ABSTRACTS ON RAILINGS AT ONE OF LONDON'S "PAVEMENT" GALLERIES.

HUNTER: We believe that's one of their hand-over methods. ~~set down and pick up points.~~ Easy to fix microdots to one of those ~~awful~~ splodges. Then someone comes along and buys the painting, though God knows, they ought to be arrested on sight for shocking taste.

CALLAN IS TRYING A SANDWICH FROM A PLATE ON THE DESK.

CALLAN: Your home movies bore me, Hunter. (CHUCKS SANDWICH IN BASKET) So do your sandwiches.

HE STARTS TO LEAVE.

HUNTER: Wait ..

CALLAN: You don't need me. The Marshal are for your routine berks.

HUNTER: They were merely a side dish. (BEAT) This is the one we want.

ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH IS PROJECTED. AT THE DOOR CALLAN TURNS, REACTS. THE PICTURE IS OF A MAN ABOUT THE SAME AGE AS CALLAN HIS NAME IS BELUKOV. HE IS SLAV IN APPEARANCE, DARK, HANDSOME, IN A TOUGH, VICIOUS WAY. THE SIGHT OF HIM HAS A PROFOUND EFFECT ON CALLAN, WHO WALKS SLOWLY BACK TO GAZE AT HIM.

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CALLAN: Belukov ?

HUNTER: His name always makes me think of caviare.

CALLAN: I wish you'd shut up about your stomach, or buy lunch. (BEAT) What's Belukov got to do with this ? He's in the Middle East.

HUNTER: He was. Until he caught a virus. Now he's only fit for more temperate areas. Recently we discovered he's in London.

CALLAN CONTINUES TO STARE AT THE PICTURE. HE SEEMS ALMOST TO BE SWEATING WITH REMEMBERED HATRED.

CALLAN: Where ?

HUNTER: (WITH SATISFACTION) That's just the sort of look I'd hoped to see on your face.

CALLAN: Say any more, Hunter, and I'll put my fist in yours.

HUNTER DOESN'T HEED THIS THREAT. HE EVEN MOVES UP CLOSE TO CALLAN.

HUNTER: Beirut, wasn't it ? I seem to remember you were going to marry her. She leaned forward to kiss you, at a table on the Excelsior terrace, and got a bullet in the back. Belukov meant it for you.

CALLAN: (HARSHLY) I asked you, where is he ?

HUNTER: In their Embassy.

CALLAN: With diplomatic cover ?

HUNTER: The usual trade delegate.

CALLAN: But the usual trade ..

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HUNTER: In a slightly more exalted if less active post, / He looks after several spy rings in this country - as a sort of network controller. Same rank as he now.

CALLAN: That's an old picture. It was taken in Beirut.

HUNTER: You're right. / Belukov's in London ~~now~~ so far as we can gather he never puts a foot outside the Embassy building. Although

CALLAN: He will. He isn't the type to rust his rear off at a desk.

CAMERA CATCHES HUNTER'S EXPRESSION AS HE IS ABOUT TO SIT DOWN AT HIS OWN DESK.

HUNTER: I'm inclined to agree. Sooner or later he's bound to come out. (BEAT) I want him sooner.

CALLAN: Without CD plates on ?

HUNTER: Naturally. It's got to be a good, clean job. (SHRUGS) In the back, if you prefer a certain poetry.

CALLAN: You've got it 'made' this time, haven't you. You know I'll do it. You know I have to.

HUNTER: (CLAPS HIM ON BACK) It's a pleasant change, Callan, not having to force you into something.

CALLAN: You're forgetting one thing. Belukov has to be drawn out into the open.

HUNTER: That's why I showed you the pet shop. Marshall and his daughter are being recalled. And replaced.

CUT TO:

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9. INT. BACKSHOP. NIGHT.

A MOBILE "DARKROOM" HAS BEEN SET UP AT THE SINK. MARSHALL IS PEERING THROUGH A MICROSCOPE RESTING ON A TOP SURFACE NEARBY. INSERT: PART OF A TYPED DOCUMENT, MAGNIFIED FROM A MICRODOT. MARSHALL STRAIGHTENS, SATISFIED WITH THE RESULT. FOR A MOMENT HE RUBS HIS EYES, THEN HE TRANSFERS THE DOT WITH A PAIR OF TWEEZERS TO A ROW OF SIMILAR DOTS IN THE FLIP-TOP OF A CIGARETTE PACKET. BEFORE CLOSING THE PACKET HE TAKES OUT A CIGARETTE, LIGHTS IT. HE GLANCES WORRIEDLY AT THE CLOCK, WHICH SAYS ~~[illegible]~~ FIVE PAST SEVEN, ~~[illegible]~~ GOES OVER TO THE PHONE, DIALS.

MARSHALL: (INTO PHONE) Flight ~~Information~~ Enquiries ? ~~I'm enquiring about~~ I'd like to check on a passenger, a Mr. John Ross, who was arriving today from Johannesburg. Yes, Ross. (HE WAITS) Yes ? (SURPRISED) He has ..? Flight 3058. What time did it arrive ? ~~[illegible]~~ AT noon. I see. Thank you.

HE PUTS DOWN THE PHONE, FROWNS AT THE CLOCK. STUBBING OUT THE CIGARETTE HE CROSSES TO A TALL REFRIGERATOR, HAULS IT ~~[illegible]~~ OUT FROM THE WALL WITH SOME DIFFICULTY. HE OPENS THE BACK AND STARTS TO PUT THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT INTO A SPECIALLY MADE COMPARTMENT BESIDE THE MOTOR. HE HAS PACKED HALF THE THINGS ~~[illegible]~~ AWAY WHEN ~~THE~~ DOORBELL SOUNDS. HASTILY HE PUSHES THE FRIDGE BACK INTO PLACE, THROWS A CLOTH OVER THE ITEMS ~~HE HASN'T YET BEEN ABLE TO PUT AWAY.~~ STILL ON THE SINK.

10. INT. PET SHOP. NIGHT.

MARSHALL COMES OUT OF THE BACKSHOP, SWITCHING ON THE LIGHT, GOES TO THE DOOR. THE BLIND IS DOWN. HE LIFTS IT UP AND SEES IT IS NADIA. HE LETS HER IN.

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MARSHALL: You forgot to give the usual ring.

NADIA: Sorry.

HE RELOCKS THE DOOR BEHIND HER.

MARSHALL: Don't get careless because we're going back. Or we won't ever get there.

NADIA: You're in a bad temper.

MARSHALL: Tired, that's all. And a little worried.

NADIA: Why ?

MARSHALL: It's after seven, and there's still no sign of Roscovitch. I thought you might be him.

NADIA: Perhaps he's been delayed.

AS THEY WALK BACK THROUGH THE SHOP MARSHALL TAKES A TIN OF FOOD TO FEED FISH IN A TANK.

MARSHALL: He was on the plane that arrived at noon.

NADIA: Oh, well, he's probably taking his first look at London. Being in this business doesn't mean you can't get carried away with a new city.

MARSHALL: Being in this business means you follow orders. Surely he was instructed to come straight here ?

NADIA: How do we know ? He may have had some special call to make.

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MARSHALL: In that case Belukov should have let us know.

HE GIVES AN EXCLAMATION OF ANNOYANCE AS HE ACCIDENTALLY DROP THE SMALL FISH-FOOD TIN INTO THE TANK. NADIA LOOKS CLOSELY AT HIM.

NADIA: Are you feeling dizzy again ?

MARSHALL: I've been processing.

NADIA: You should have let me make those dots. You know what your eyes are like.

AS HE GOES INTO THE BACKSHOP NADIA FISHES OUT THE TIN. HOLD ON HER WORRIED EXPRESSION AS SHE GAZES AFTER HIM.

11. INT. BACKSHOP. NIGHT.

MARSHALL CROSSES TO THE SINK AND REMOVES THE CLOTH FROM THE EQUIPMENT HE HAS LEFT THERE. AS HE DISMANTLES THE MICROSCOPE NADIA COMES IN, TAKING AN ENVELOPE FROM HER HANDBAG.

MARSHALL: What's that ?

NADIA: (OPENING IT) Travel brochures. I got them locally for appearances. Which way would you like to go ? Scandinavia .. Austria .. Turkey ?

MARSHALL: It's up to Belukov's secretariat.

NADIA: Personally I'd ~~adore~~ love a glimpse of Istanbul. I've heard it's fabulous.

HE LOOKS ACROSS AT HER FONDLY.

MARSHALL: You know, I like to hear you sound like a ~~young~~ girl of your age

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NADIA: You've never liked me being in this with you.

MARSHALL: I should have discouraged you, kept you out. Like your brother, Nikki.

NADIA: And now he's in the Army.

MARSHALL: That's different. (BEAT) He'll be very different now.

SHE COMES OVER AND GIVES HIM A KISS.

NADIA: I'm going to give you a drink. A vodka. (LIGHTLY, MIMICKING ADVERTISING) The drink of spies, everywhere ...

CAMERA HAS FOLLOWED HER OVER TO A CUPBOARD AS SHE GETS OUT THE BOTTLE. THERE IS THE SOUND OF A CHAIR BEING KNOCKED OVER. NADIA TURNS, ALARMED. HER FATHER, ATTEMPTING TO MOVE THE REFRIGERATOR ONCE MORE, HAS STUMBLED AGAINST THE CHAIR. HE SWEARS IN RUSSIAN. SHE HURRIES OVER.

NADIA: Father, you shouldn't be trying to move that.

MARSHALL: (MORE ANGRY WITH HIMSELF) You can do it better ?

NADIA: Come and sit down. You said you were tired.

CUT TO:

12. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

CLOSE ON ROSS IN A CHAIR, UNSHAVEN, RATHER THE WORSE FOR WEAR.

MERES' VOICE: Get up !

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PULL BACK AS ROSS GETS SLOWLY, SULLENLY TO HIS FEET. SHOW HUNTER AND MERES.

MERES: As you can see, he's roughly the same, sir.

HUNTER: Yes. (BEAT) But not quite the same as when he came in, ~~xxxx~~ Meres ?

MERES: No, sir. Not quite.

HUNTER MOTIONS TO ROSS TO SIT DOWN AGAIN. HE NOTICES A FEW BRUISES.

HUNTER: Still, I suppose almost anything's better than a bullet, Roscovitch ?

ROSS: Your man takes an unhealthy pleasure in his work.

HUNTER: I do have to curb him occasionally. But like your own side, there's a mixture of -

MERES: (HOTLY) Look, sir, I think that's hardly the sort of thing to say in front of -

HUNTER RAISES A HAND TO CUT HIM SHORT.

HUNTER: I wasn't maligning you, Meres. Was I ? The important thing is you achieved a rapport with our foreign colleague.

ROSS: I decided to co-operate when I knew how much you knew.

HUNTER: Of course.

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ROSS: And not because of this slack-mouthed sadist.

MERES: He's a liar !

HE STEPS FORWARD TO HIT ROSS, BUT HUNTER STERNLY INTERVENES.

HUNTER: That'll do, Meres !

MERES: I spent over six hours. I had to -

HUNTER: (OVER) He doesn't want to give you the credit, but does it matter ? It's a fine point. (LIFTS FILE) This is what matters.

MERES: Yes, sir.

HUNTER: (TO ROSS) Is it all you're prepared to furnish us with ?
ROSS REMAINS SILENT.

MERES: I could take him back in there, and -

HUNTER: (OVER) There isn't time. Marshall knows of his arrival - he phoned London Airport half an hour ago. (TO ROSS) We have the line tapped. All round, you didn't stand much of a chance.

ROSS: I didn't, did I.

HUNTER: However, we aren't complete spoilsports. You'll reach your destination - even if you're a little late, and not quite word-perfect.

CUT TO:

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13. INT. BACKSHOP. NIGHT.

CALLAN IS HAVING A MEAL WITH MARSHALL AND NADIA, WHO OCCASIONALLY LEAVES THE TABLE TO SERVE.

~~MARSHALL: I hope you're fond of animals ?~~

~~CALLAN: Like all good Englishmen.~~

MARSHALL POURS ANOTHER DRINK, RAISES HIS GLASS.

MARSHALL: Prosit.

CALLAN: Cheers.

NADIA: That's about the sixth toast, you two !.

MARSHALL: Roscoyitch understands. Don't you, Comrade ?

CALLAN: Yes, Comrade. But let's stick to Ross - mate.

MARSHALL AND NADIA SMILE IN AGREEMENT.

MARSHALL: Of course. You must excuse me for being a little unwound. But it's quite an event sitting down with one's successor. Especially when I thought something might have happened to you. In this occupation we seem to live by the ticking of the clock.

NADIA: I told you he'd turn up.

MARSHALL: What kept you ?

CALLAN: I made a mistake.

THE WORD MAKES BOTH OF THEM FROWN.

MARSHALL: A mistake ?

CALLAN: On the Tube. Caught the wrong train and ended up in Wimbledon.

RELAXED, THEY ALL ENJOY THE JOKE.

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NADIA: The perfect start. Every newcomer to London does it - at least once.

CALLAN: I had a bite in a Wimpy, and took a wander around suburbia. I thought the sooner I got 'with it', the better. That's the right expression, isn't it?

NADIA LOOKS AT HIM STRANGELY.

NADIA: You're certainly a quick learner, Mr Ross. It's hard to believe you only just got here.

CALLAN: You flatter me.

NADIA: The accent's perfect.

CALLAN: Lower middle to working class. I studied it closely, from a defector, a British corporal who hopped it over the Berlin Wall.

MARSHALL: Berlin? (FROWNS) I thought you were in Copenhagen ?

CALLAN: Had a month unattached ~~back home~~ before coming here.

MARSHALL: Ah. ~~Of course.~~ By the way, I meant to ask you. ~~How is~~ dear old Peter Keflik. How is he? We ~~did a course~~ trained together a long time ago. ~~before he went to Denmark.~~

CALLAN: He's fine.

MARSHALL: Does he still have the house in Klampenborg ?

CALLAN: I believe so.

AT THAT MOMENT NADIA RETURNS TO THE TABLE WITH A DISH OF FOOD. SHE HOLDS IT OUT TO CALLAN AND TALKS TO HIM IN A FOREIGN TONGUE.

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NADIA: Piroi, ~~pxxi~~ piroi taschkiv mabullion ne ka ?

CLOSE ON CALLAN, UNABLE TO ANSWER. HIS FACE REMAINS IMPASSIVE. THERE IS A HEAVY PAUSE.

MARSHALL: (TO NADIA) Kirosh piroi appani nevkov .. niet ?

NADIA:(TO CALLAN) Vayna yov ?

CALLAN: I'm sure it's delicious, but I couldn't eat another thing. (BEAT) Also, I make it a rule to speak only the language of the country I'm in.

MARSHALL: You're quite right. It was our rule, too. But we've been here too long, Nadia and I. Lately we've grc a bit homesick. Pining for our own backyard.

NADIA: You'll unsettle him before he's even begun.

MARSHALL: You'll like it here. Most people are good-natured, kind. All that information we put through. Politics. I've often wanted to send just a simple, unsecret report on my neighbours. You might as well know it - I don't like spying any more.

NADIA LOOKS WORRIED BY THIS CONFESSION.

NADIA: Father ..

MARSHALL: It's the truth. Neither do you. If you ever did enjoy it.

NADIA: TO CALLAN) You can tell he's ready for retirement ! He wouldn't have risked saying ~~this~~ such things a few years ago.

CALLAN: Don't worry. I'm not Belukov.

MARSHALL: (You've heard he's inclined to be .. rigid ? The magmaster.

NADIA: And ruthless. He lives up to his code-name. By which we should be calling him, even here. ~~CALLAN: Yes.~~

MARSHALL: ~~He hasn't been in London long; he~~ You know him personally ?

CALLAN: We ran across each other's paths a few years ago. (BEAT) I'm looking forward to renewing the acquaintance.

NADIA: (SURPRISED) Meeting him, you mean ?

CALLAN: Yes.

MARSHALL: I doubt if you'll do that. (HE FROWNS) Surely you know the system ?

CALLAN: Set-ups vary. In Copenhagen we used to -

MARSHALL: (OVER) But they must have explained that here in England -

CALLAN: (SWIFTLY INTERJECTING) Nobody meets face to face ?

MARSHALL: Correct. It's been a strict policy since those two rings were broken some years ago.

CALLAN: I'd have thought that Belukov might make direct contact now and then.

NADIA: Never with us.

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MARSHALL: He may rendezvous with others, of course, but we don't know of it. (THEN) Another drink ?

CALLAN: No, thanks.

HE GLANCES AT HIS WATCH AND GETS TO HIS FEET.

CALLAN: (CONTD) Well, you can start briefing me about more important things tomorrow. I'm flogged. (TO NADIA) ~~Richard~~ Yes ?

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NADIA: (SMILES) You can also say 'whacked'. I've fixed you a room at the pub across the street. I'll take you over.

CALLAN: Right.

HE SHAKES HANDS WITH MARSHALL AND EXITS WITH NADIA.

14. INT. PET SHOP. NIGHT.

AS THEY PASS THROUGH THE PET SHOP CALLAN PICKS UP HIS SUITCASE.

NADIA: When we go, this place will be all yours.

CALLAN: Including the livestock ..

NADIA: I ~~forget to~~ didn't ask whether you're fond of animals?

CLOSE ON CALLAN AS HE PATS A DOG.

CALLAN: Like any good Englishman.

HOLD ON CALLAN AS HE FOLLOWS HER OUT.

CALLAN'S VOICE: (S.O.V.) Like hell. (BEAT) These people are getting under my skin. They're too damn nice. Makes you forget what business they're in. Why do they have to be as tame as their pets ?

CUT TO:

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15. INT. BACKSHOP. NIGHT.

CLOSE ON MARSHALL AT THE PHONE.

MARSHALL: (INTO PHONE) Mr. Prospect ? Marshall's Pet Shop here, sir. It's about your order from abroad. Yes .. arrived safely. Take a few days to get used to the change, then I think he ought to be ready for you. A pleasure, sir.

HOLD ON HIM FOR A MOMENT AS HE HANGS UP.

CUT TO:

16. INT. EMBASSY ROOM. NIGHT.

BELUKOV. HE IS IN HIS SHIRT SLEEVES, SEATED AT A DESK. CHELENKO, HIS ASSISTANT IS WALKING ACROSS TO THE DESK, HOLDING A PIECE OF PAPER.

CHELENKO: Roscovitch.

BELUKOV: Is he here?

CHELENKO: Yes, Colonel.

BELUKOV: (TAKES PAPER) Chelenko. Thank you, That makes my day.

CHELENKO: Yes, Sir.

BELUKOV TOSSES DOWN THE PAPER AND RISES ENERGETICALLY FROM THE DESK. HE GIVES A SIGH, BRINGS OUT A VODKA BOTTLE AND POURS HIMSELF A STIFF DRINK.

BELUKOV: You know why, Chelenko ? Because if this message hadn't come through, nothing would have happened today. Nothing. (DRINKS) For over fourteen hours I've toiled at that desk.

CHELENKO: Yes, sir.

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BELUKOV: Doing what ? Sums about the money this department spends. A list of changed code-names .. silly British names, because it's the only way they'll deceive. An inventory of obsolete signal equipment stored in this embassy. And a letter to my predeeessor about a pair of boots he left in a cupboard - and I only wrote that because he's gone up a rank. Drink ?

CHELENKO: ~~ASSISTANT~~: No, thank you, sir.

BELUKOV: I used to be an agent, in the field. I used to leave administration to someone else. Now I'm strangled by it. Cooped up in this dreary office. And I drink too much.

CHELENKO: ~~[redacted]~~: Yes, sir.

BELUKOV BANGS HIS HAND ON THE DESK ANGRILY.

BELUKOV: No, sir ! When I say that, I expect an encouraging 'No, sir'.

CHELENKO: ~~[redacted]~~: Yes, sir.

BELUKOV: Oh, get out ! (AS MAN GOES) No, wait. The file on Maresdke and his daughter ?

CHELENKO ~~THE ASSISTANT~~ COMES BACK, POINTING TO A FILE ONX THE DESK.

CHELENKO: ~~[redacted]~~: On ~~xherxdexkx~~ your desk, sir.

~~XXXXXXX~~ BELUKOV GOES ROUND AND WEARILY SITS DOWN TO STUDY THE FILE, WHICH HAS PHOTOGRAPHS OF MARSHALL AND NADIA.

BELUKOV: I don't think I can take a year of this job, ~~[redacted]~~ Chelenko. (THEN) She's a pretty girl, the daughter. In Beirut ? ~~I used to~~ know a lot of pretty girls. (BEAT) When do she and her father leave ?

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CHELENKO: They're due to go next week, sir.

BELUKOV HANDS OVER THE FILE.

BELUKOV: All right, make the ~~[illegible]~~ instructions for them arrangements, and leave ~~a message~~ in the usual place. Cheap tourist holiday, the kind they could afford. Then they hire a car. You know the rest ..

CUT TO:

17. INT. PUB. NIGHT.

CALLAN AND NADIA AT A TABLE WITH DRINKS. HIS SUITCASE LIES ON A CHAIR.

CALLAN: An accident ?

NADIA: Shortly after we're abroad.

CALLAN: Fatal ?

NADIA: Naturally. Followed by one of those paragraphs in the English papers; ~~[illegible]~~

CALLAN: "Father and daughter in holiday tragedy" ?

NADIA: (NODS) I can hardly bear to talk about it. It's the sort of cover story that makes me shiver. Especially when -

SHE BREAKS OFF, DOESN'T FINISH THE SENTENCE.

CALLAN: Especially when .. what ?

NADIA: Nothing. Forget it, please.

SHE DRINKS, CALLAN FOLLOWS SUIT.

CALLAN: I was told I was to be a relative of yours. Which relative ?

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NADIA: A cousin.

CALLAN: First cousin ? Or just any old cousin?

NADIA: Does it matter ?

CALLAN: I want to know how much interest to take in you.

NADIA: We'll be gone soon.

CALLAN: Distant cousin. Less kinky.

NADIA LIFTS HER HANDBAG, SLIGHTLY FLUSTERED, PREPARES TO LEAVE.

NADIA: I'd better be getting back. Tomorrow you can start helping in the pet shop, and I'll take you on a tour of our "post boxes".

CALLAN: I'll come across when you open up shop.

NADIA: Goodnight .. cousin. I hope your room is comfortable.

CALLAN: I'm sure I'll find it just like home.

SHE GOES OUT OF SHOT. CALLAN FINISHES HIS DRINK, LIFTS HIS SUITCASE, AND STARTS TO GO UPSTAIRS.

CUT TO:

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NADIA: (LIFTS HANDBAG) I'd better be getting back. Tomorrow morning, I'll take you on a tour of our 'post boxes'

CALLAN: ~~See you at nine.~~

NADIA: Goodnight .. ~~Callan~~ I hope your room is comfortable.

CALLAN: I'm sure I'll find it just like home.

SHE GOES OUT OF SHOT. CALLAN FINISHES HIS DRINK, LIFTS HIS SUITCASE, AND STARTS TO GO UPSTAIRS.

CUT TO:

18. INT. PUB BEDROOM. NIGHT.

ON THE DOOR. CALLAN OPENS IT TO FIND HUNTER SEATED BY THE BED. HE IS WEARING GLASSES AND IS CALMLY READING A BIBLE.

HUNTER: You'd better close the curtains.

CALLAN LAYS DOWN HIS SUITCASE AND CROSSES TO CLOSE THE CURTAINS. HUNTER GETS UP AND BEGINS TO PUT THE BIBLE AWAY IN THE DRAWER OF A BEDSIDE TABLE.

HUNTER: Your Gideon Bible.

WITHOUT REPLYING, CALLAN REMOVES HIS JACKET AND STRETCHES OUT ON THE BED. HUNTER PEERS THROUGH THE CURTAINS.

HUNTER: No slip-ups ?

CALLAN: It's bloody hard work pretending you're a stranger in the middle of Shepherd's Bush.

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HUNTER: I'm sure you can keep it going.

CALLAN: The Marshalls are everything you said they were. Hum-drum clerks. It's a waste of time.

HUNTER: Don't forget they're spies, Callan.

CALLAN: So what ? In my book all spies are alike - unless I've a reason for hating them.

HUNTER: You'll reach Belukov through them.

CALLAN: Not a hope. The organisation is full of cut-outs, and Belukov never gets down to this level.

HUNTER: I think he can be made to pay them a visit.

CALLAN: What do you mean ?

HUNTER: Simply that your joining the "ring" was only phase one. Phase two is what counts. All you have to do is pass an urgent, private message along the line to Belukov.

CALLAN: I don't even know his present code-name. I can't ask, without giving myself away.

HUNTER: We'll get it for you.

CALLAN: What's the message?

HUNTER: That the Marshalls intend to defect, to stay in the West and talk. Belukov will come quickly enough .. to kill them.

FADE OUT.

END OF PART ONE

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FADE IN:

PART TWO

19. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

HUNTER AND MERES, WATCHING THE TV MONITOR. WE SEE CALLAN AND NADIA OUTSIDE THE PET SHOP. THEY PAUSE TO HAVE A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE PLASTER PANDA, THEN HE HELPS HER TO FEED SOME RABBITS. CALLAN WEARS AN OVERALL.

MERES: Callan always did look like a tradesman, sir.

HUNTER: I must admit he has a convincing 'High Street' air about him.

MERES: Fits the part better than Roscovitch.

PULL BACK TO SHOW THAT "ROSS" IS WITH THEM, STARING AT THE MONITOR SCREEN.

HUNTER: I thought you'd like to see yourself settling in.

ROSS: Other eyes may be watching, too.

HUNTER: That's a risk we have to take.

ROSS: (INDICATES CALLAN) It seems to me ~~You mean~~ he is the one who is running the risks.

MERES: Oh, We like having Callan do some jobs for us.

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ROSS: And if he's "blown" ?

MORRIS: The wind is blowing away from us, of course.

ROSS: He won't be able to pose forever.

HUNTER: Just long enough.

ROSS: For what ?

HUNTER: Well, for one thing, the girl's going to show him where your lot leave messages for each other.

ROSS: The places can easily be changed.

HUNTER: Not before we pick up a few useful trails. Especially the one that leads to Belukov.

ROSS: Who ?

MORRIS: Colonel Max Belukov, your London boss.

ROSS: I don't know anyone by that name.

HUNTER LEANS VERY CLOSE TO HIM.

HUNTER: No. You ~~could~~ communicate ~~with him by a~~ differently, just one more thing from us. By a code-name. (HARD) I want that code-name ~~at~~ ...

CUT TO:

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20. INT. UNDERGROUND. (STOCK)

SHOT OF A TRAIN AT AN UNDERGROUND PLATFORM, THE DOORS JUST CLOSING.

CUT TO:

21. INT. AUTOMATIC LIFT.

ON THE LIFT. A WOMAN TICKET COLLECTOR SEATED OUTSIDE. THE SOUND OF THE TUBE TRAIN PULLING AWAY CAN BE HEARD. THEN THE ECHO OF FOOTSTEPS ALONG THE CORRIDOR TO THE LIFT. A MAN APPEARS JUST AS THE DALEK-LIKE VOICE ANNOUNCES "STAND CLEAR OF THE GATES". HE HANDS OVER HIS TICKET AND GOES INTO THE LIFT, SITS DOWN ON THE BENCH SEAT, READS HIS NEWSPAPER. THE MAN IS CHELENKO, ASSISTANT TO BELUKOV. THE RECORDED VOICE REPEATS THE WARNING AND THE GATES CLOSE. CHELENKO IS THE SOLE PASSENGER. AS THE LIFT ASCENDS HE LAYS DOWN THE NEWSPAPER AND BRINGS A TINY OBJECT FROM HIS POCKET, REACHES UNDER THE BENCH AND AFFIXES IT. THE LIFT JOLTS TO A STOP AND THE OPPOSITE GATES OPEN. CHELENKO FOLDS HIS NEWS-PAPER AND STARTS TO LEAVE. JUST AS HE IS STEPPING OUT OF THE LIFT TWO PEOPLE WALK INTO SHOT - NADIA AND CALLAN. THEY ENTER THE LIFT WITHOUT SPEAKING. CAMERA IS CLOSE ON CHELENKO AS HE RECOGNISES NADIA, THEN TRANSFERS HIS GLANCE TO CALLAN. HOLD ON HIM AS HE PAUSES OUTSIDE THE LIFT, LOOKS BACK, FROWNS. WE HEAR THE FIRST WARNING ABOUT THE GATES. SHOW HIS P.O.V. OF NADIA AND CALLAN, STILL SILENT. CUT BACK TO CHELENKO. SECOND ANNOUNCEMENT. THEN THE GATES CLOSE.

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22. INT. AUTOMATIC LIFT.

THE LIFT STARTS TO GO DOWN.

NADIA: It can be tricky getting the lift to yourself.

CALLAN: This is a post-box ?

NADIA: One of the busiest. It's our direct link with head office.

CALLAN: The Embassy ?

NADIA: Yes. Best to check it regularly.

SHE SITS DOWN ON THE BENCH AND STARTS TO FEEL UNDER IT, REACTS AS SHE FINDS SOMETHING.

CALLAN: Delivery day ?

NADIA NODS AND TAKES A NAIL FILE FROM HER HANDBAG, PRISES OFF THE OBJECT PUT THERE BY CHELENKO. SHE HOLDS IT OUT IN THE PALM OF HER HAND.

NADIA: Drawing-pin, ~~[illegible]~~ with a microdot in the head. Doesn't get dislodged by the cleaners. (PUTS IT IN HANDBAG) It may be our travel instructions.

CALLAN: Dying to get a ay, aren't you ?

NADIA: Yes.

CALLAN: Roll on 'death'.

~~[illegible]~~ CLOSE ON NADIA'S EXPRESSION.

NADIA: Please don't say that.

CUT TO:

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23. INT. EMBASSY ROOM. DAY.

CLOSE ON A FILE AS IT IS REMOVED FROM A DRAWER AND OPENED TO SHOW A PICTURE OF "ROSS" INSIDE. PULL BACK. CHELENKO STARES DOWN AT THE FILE. DOOR OPENS AND BELUKOV COMES IN. HE HAS BEEN PLAYING SQUASH, AND IS SWEATING PROFUSELY. HE THROWS HIS RACKET DOWN ON HIS DESK.

BELUKOV: Squash ! How I hate this boring way of keeping fit ! Do you suppose in the American Embassy they play skittles in the basement ?

CHELENKO: I'm told they have excellent recreation facilities at Grosvenor Square.

BELUKOV, MOPPING HIS BROW WITH A TOWEL, GIVES HIM A PAINED LOOK.

BELUKOV: That's what I like about you, Chelenko. Your face ripples with good humour like a frozen lake. (CROSSES TO HIM) What are you nosing about in there for ?

CHELENKO: I saw the girl, Mareschke, at the Tube station. Naturally she didn't know me.

BELUKOV: So ?

CHELENKO: A man got into the lift with her. (BEAT) It wasn't Roscovitch.

BELUKOV: Why should it have been our "Mr. Ross" ? It might have been Mr. Smith, or Mr. Potts, or some other stray Englishman.

CHELENKO: I had the feeling they were together. In fact, I'm almost certain they were.

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BELUKOV LOOKS CLOSELY AT HIM, TAKES THE FILE.

BELUKOV: Go on.

CHELENKO: It stands to reason, Colonel. She wouldn't make a collection with someone else there.

BELUKOV: Yet she did ?

CHELENKO: I went down in the lift again, as soon as I could. The drawing pin was gone. So had she and this man. On a train that was just pulling out.

BELUKOV SITS DOWN AT HIS DESK THOUGHTFULLY.

BELUKOV: I see.

CHELENKO: It's just possible she got the thing from under the seat without being ~~observed~~ seen. But I stuck the pin in firmly.

BELUKOV: And a woman wouldn't risk breaking a nail. (BEAT) All right, Whatever her job. Chelenko. It may be a false alarm, but ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ better to check on it.

CUT TO:

24. INT. BACKSHOP. DAY.

NADIA IS EXAMINING THE MICRODOT THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE, WATCHED BY CALLAN.

NADIA: (STRAIGHTENING) ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ Austria.

CALLAN: That where you'll jump off from

NADIA: Yes. ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ Night flight to Vienna, next Friday. Almost time to start packing. I can hardly believe it!

CALLAN HAS PICKED UP A FRAMED PICTURE OF A YOUNG MAN.

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CALLAN: Who's this ? A boy-friend ?

NADIA: My ~~bxøxhxx~~ young brother, Nikki. I've missed him, but Father misses him most.

SHE SUDDENLY STARTS TO CRY, BUT BRINGS HERSELF QUICKLY UNDER CONTROL.

I'm sorry. But we've wanted to go home for a long time. And now that it's just a few days away ..

CLOSE ON CALLAN AS HE NODS, LOOKING AT NADIA WITH GROWING UNEASE. ABRUPTLY HE TURNS AND STARTS TO PACK THE MICRODOT EQUIPMENT AND A CAMERA INTO A HOLDALL.

CALLAN: This all the equipment I need?

NADIA: Yes. Do you think it's wise, taking it to your room ?

CALLAN: I'm a bit rusty on photo work. Dots didn't come into my side of things in Denmark.

NADIA: But surely it'd be safer to brush up here ? You could practice now, if you like.

CALLAN: Don't worry, I'll keep everythin under lock and key. Besides, you and your father must have lots to talk about. (STARTS TO LEAVE) Thanks for the conducted tour.

AS HE REACHES THE DOOR CONNECTING WITH THE SHOP THERE IS THE SOUND OF THE SHOP BELL.

NADIA: That'll be Father now. Wait till he hears the news -

BUT CALLAN, GLANCING THROUGH TO THE SHOP, STIFFENS, MOTIONS TO HER TO KEEP QUIET.

NADIA: What is it ?

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CALLAN: The man in the shop ..

CUT TO P.O.V. SHOT THROUGH THE SLIGHTLY OPEN DOOR INTO THE SHOP. THE MAN WHO HAS ENTERED IS CHELENKO, WEARING DIFFERENT CLOTHES. HE IS LOOKING AT SOME BIRDS IN CAGES.

BACK TO CALLAN AND NADIA.

CALLAN: He came out of the lift at the Underground - as we were going in.

(REACTS)

NADIA:/Are you sure ?

CALLAN: Positive.

NADIA: On the other side of London.

CALLAN: He's dressed differently, but it's the same man.

NADIA: ~~You realise what this means ? He's~~ Then he must be one of our people. The one who left the message.

CALLAN: Or one of their people.

SHE STARES AT HIM.

NADIA: A British agent ?

CALLAN: They could have had a dozen men watching us, above and below ground, with transistors. Moving about like normal travellers.

~~NADIA [illegible]~~

~~[illegible]~~

NADIA CLOSES THE DOOR. A BEAT.

NADIA: What do you suggest ?

CALLAN: (INDICATES HOLDALL) With this in my hand, the first thing is for me to get out of here. Is there ~~[illegible]~~ another way?

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NADIA: Through there, a door to the side lane.

CALLAN: Right. Go in and keep him busy. Treat him as you'd treat any customer.

NADIA: He may not act like an ordinary customer.

CALLAN: ~~He will.~~ Whoever he is, he's alone. Which means he's only come to have a look-see.

SHE NODS AND SLIPS ON HER OVERALL, GOES INTO THE SHOP. HOLD ON CALLAN, AT THE DOOR, ~~[illegible]~~.

CALLAN'S VOICE: (S.O.V.) One of Belukov's ~~[illegible]~~ boys. They never learn about those wide trouser legs.

CUT TO:

25. INT. PET SHOP. DAY.

NADIA WITH CHELENKO. THEY ARE AT THE FISH TANKS, WHERE HE IS PROFESSING AN INTEREST IN GOLDFISH.

NADIA: These Shubunkins are the most popular, three ~~shillings~~ and six each. Do you want goldfish for indoors or outdoors?

CHELENKO: An indoor aquarium.

NADIA: Well, that gives you quite a range. The Fantails, for instance -

CUT TO:

26. INT. BACKSHOP. DAY.

CLOSE ON CALLAN, AS HE LOOKS INTO THE SHOP, LISTENING. SOUND OF NADIA AND CHELENKO TALKING IN B.G.

~~[illegible]~~

CALLAN'S VOICE: (S.O.V.) ~~I was sure, he's~~ fishing, ~~He isn't~~ without breaking cover, ~~or mentioning~~ No more than ~~Roscovitch, so they're just~~ suspicious ~~about who was with her at the Tube.~~ yet. ~~All to the good, ...~~ fits in with Hunter's ~~idea~~ idea, about them defecting. ~~Bloody~~ ~~there was another way of getting~~ ~~Britain...~~ Everything falls into his bloody lap.

CUT TO:

27. INT. PET SHOP. DAY.

NADIA AND CHELENKO. SHE IS NETTING ~~EXAMINING THE GOLDFISH~~ GOLDFISH OUT OF THE TANK AND PUTTING IT IN A WATER-FILLED PLASTIC BAG.

NADIA: Anything else ? Water plants .. food & ...ornamental rockwork ?

CHELENKO: Just the fish, thank you.

HE GIVES HER THE MONEY AND SHE GETS CHANGE OUT OF A TILL. CHELENKO GOES OVER TO THE MICE CAGE TO LOOK AT IT. NADIA TENSES, AS HE TOUCHES IT.

CHELENKO: You've got ~~quite~~ a mini Noah's Ark here. Must be quite a handful.

NADIA: We manage.

CHELENKO: You and your father ?

NADIA: (FROWNS) Yes. You know him ?

CHELENKO: Only by sight. (BEAT) I suppose you find running a shop rather a tie ? Getting away ~~from~~ from ~~it~~, I mean.

ON A SHELF NEAR THE CAGE LIES THE PILE OF HOLIDAY BROCHURES WE HAVE SEEN EARLIER. HE PICKS ONE UP.

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NADIA: It's difficult, but we're managing a holiday next week, as a matter of fact.

CHELENKO: Far away places ?

NADIA: (SMILES) Eight days, inclusive.

CHELENKO: Leaving all this ?

NADIA: My cousin's keeping shop. He's ... home from abroad.

CHELENKO: He'll have quite a lot to learn.

CLOSE ON NADIA'S EXPRESSION.

CUT TO:

28. INT. PUB BEDROOM. DAY.

CALLAN IS STANDING BY THE WINDOW, LOOKING OUT. MERES SITS ON THE BED UNPACKING THE MICRODOT EQUIPMENT FROM THE HOLDALL, EXAMINES IT.

MERES: Standard kit, no makers' stamps. East German or Czechoslovakian, I should say.

CALLAN: Did you get Belukov's code-name ?

SHOW CALLAN'S P.O.V. OF THE PET SHOP ACROSS THE STREET. CHELENKO STILL HASN'T COME OUT.

MERE'S VOICE: (S.O.V.) It's Oliver Cromwell. Bloody cheek.

BACK TO THE ROOM. CALLAN REMAINS BY THE WINDOW.

MERES: What's glueing you to that window ?

CALLAN: One of Cromwell's men.

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MERES JUMPS OFF THE BED AND COMES OVER TO THE WINDOW, CONCERNED.

MERES: In the pet shop - now ?

CALLAN: I don't see why you need wet your pants. It's me they're wondering about.

MERES: (REACTS) You mean you've been zxzxzxzxzx seen ?

CALLAN: [redacted] I walked into the Tube with the girl. What does that prove ? They can't be sure about Roscovitch.

MERES: But if he's making sure?

CALLAN: She doesn't know whether he's friend or foe.

MERES: What happens if they let their hair down over there ?

CALLAN: They'll be after me. Better run home to Uncle Charlie.

MERES GLARES AT HIM FOR THIS.

MERES: And you'd better get on with [redacted] your message for Belukov.

CALLAN: If I ever send it.

MERES: If ?

CALLAN: [redacted] Too bad there [redacted] isn't another way.

MERES: Well, there isn't. The marshalls are perfect bait.

CALLAN: What happens to them after I shop them ?

MERES: I thought you had a deep craving to [redacted] kill Belukov ?

CUT TO:

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29. EXT. PET SHOP. DAY.

LONG SHOT FROM CALLAN'S P.O.V. TO SHOW CHELENKO LEAVING THE PET SHOP.

CUT TO:

30. INT. PUB BEDROOM. DAY.

CALLAN AND MERES WATCH. THEN CALLAN GRABS THE PHONE, DIALS.

CUT TO:

31. INT. BACKSHOP. DAY.

ON THE PHONE RINGING. NADIA COMES IN FROM THE SHOP TO ANSWER.

NADIA: Yes ? You saw him leave ? I had a job getting rid of him, but I didn't give anything away. All right, see you later.

SHE RINGS OFF, HOLDS ONTO THE PHONE FOR A MOMENT. THEN REACTS AS THE SHOP BELL GOES.

CUT TO:

32. INT. PET SHOP. DAY.

MARSHALL HAS ENTERED CARRYING A PAPER SACK OF ANIMAL FOOD WHICH HE DUMPS DOWN WITH A GASP. NADIA APPEARS. AS HE STAGGERS WITH EXHAUSTION.

NADIA: You've carried that over half a mile. Look at you !

MARSHALL: (HARDLY ABLE TO SPEAK) I'll be fine in a moment -

NADIA: Why didn't you get them to deliver it?

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MARSHALL: They .. couldn't until .. next week. Don't fuss ..

HE STUMBLES AGAINST SOME BIRD CAGES, KNOCKING THEM OVER. NADIA GETS AN ARM AROUND HIM AND PULLS HIM TOWARDS THE BACKSHOP.

NADIA: You're going to bed, this minute.

CUT TO:

33. INT. PUB BEDROOM. [redacted]

~~CALLAN/MORSE/LKK~~ CURTAINS DRAWN. CALLAN IS PHOTOGRAPHING A TYPED MESSAGE PLACED UNDER THE BEDSIDE LAMP. MICRODOT EQUIPMENT ON TABLE.

CUT TO:

34. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

HUNTER AND MERES.

HUNTER: Do you think Callan suspects ?

MERES: I don't know, sir. He's certainly ~~taken a liking to~~ gone soft on the girl and her father.

HUNTER: His sickly, sentimental streak is beginning [redacted] to ooze out of him like his disrespect! However, I dare say his vengeful streak is still the stronger of the two. Let's hope so.

AT THAT MOMENT A BUZZER SOUNDS AND A LIGHT FLASHES ABOVE A SMALL SPEAKER GRILLE SET INTO THE WALL. HUNTER GETS UP FROM HIS DESK AND FLIPS A SWITCH BESIDE THE SPEAKER.

HUNTER: Yes ?

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VALMAI - Could you get two numbers from this? SHE LADY

VOICE: (FILTERED) ~~Xxxxx~~ Listening Section here, sir. Two phone calls on ~~Xxxxxx~~ Shepherd's Bush 6128.

MERES: The pet shop.

VOICE: (CONTD) One was incoming from someone who's voice we recognised as Callan's, sir. The other was outgoing, to Ladbroke 3511.

HUNTER: ~~Xxxxxxx~~ Put it on.

WE HEAR A RECORDING OF THE PHONE CONVERSATION BETWEEN NADIA AND A DOCTOR, BEGINNING WITH THE RINGING TONE.

DOCTOR: Ladbroke 3511, Doctor Teasdale speaking?

NADIA: This is Miss Marshall, Doctor.... Marshall's Pet Shop, Bushley Road.

DOCTOR: Yes ?

NADIA: It's my father. He's had another collapse, and I'm very worried this time. He seems quite ill. He wasn't quite able to stand, so I got him to bed ..

DOCTOR: ~~All right~~ I see. Well, keep him warm and rested, and I'll be round as soon as I can.

NADIA: Thank you, Doctor.

A CLICK, PHONE BURRS. HUNTER FLIPS THE SWITCH AND EXCHANGES A LOOK WITH MERES.

HUNTER: Damn !

CUT TO:

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35. INT. PUB BEDROOM.

CALLAN AT WORK ON THE MICRODOT. UNDER THE MICROSCOPE, USING TWEEZERS, WE SEE HIM PUT THE DOT INTO A CAVITY IN THE UNSCREWED HEAD OF A DRAWING PIN. THEN HE SCREWS THE HEAD ON. HE LAYS DOWN THE PIN AND STARTS TO PUT AWAY THE EQUIPMENT. THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

CALLAN: Who is it ?

LONELY'S VOICE: It's me, Mr. Callan. Lonely.

CALLAN: Hang on a minute.

HE GETS THE REST OF THE THINGS INTO THE HOLDALL, PULLS THE CURTAINS TO ADMIT DAYLIGHT. THEN UNLOCKS THE DOOR TO LET LONELY IN. LONELY LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM.

LONELY: Are you on the run or something ?

CALLAN: Thanks for shouting Callan outside the door.

LONELY: Sorry, but I remembered 'Ross' downstairs.

CALLAN: Just keep remembering.

LONELY: Must be snug, living on top of a boozer.

CALLAN: For boozers. (SNIFFS) God, what have you been drinking - meths ? You smell like an old tom.

LONELY: You just say that cos you know it's my name.

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CALLAN: All right, Lonely. I want you to go to a Tube station and use the lift.

LONELY: What for ?

CALLAN: Take this drawing-pin. And keep it in your mitt, don't ~~pick your teeth with it~~ lose it.

HE HANDS LONELY THE DRAWING-PIN. LONELY LOOKS AT IT IN HIS HAND, THEN GLANCES AT CALLAN.

LONELY: You gone off your rocker, Mr. Callan ?

~~CHECK~~ CALLAN RATHER CRUELLY SQUASHES LONELY'S FIST.

CALLAN: Save the jokes. ~~Now you'll have to~~ Get the lift ~~to yourself.~~ on your own. That shouldn't be difficult with your B.O.

LONELY: I got the lift on my own .. ?

CALLAN: There's a bench. You reach under it, and stick the drawing-pin in.

LONELY: That all I do ?

CALLAN: (NODS) Then beat it.

LONELY: (SHAKING HIS HEAD) You just want me to -

HE BREAKS OFF AS THE PHONE RINGS. CALLAN PICKS IT UP.

CALLAN: Yes ? Your father ? How bad is it ? Bad. I'll be ~~RIGHT~~ over.

HE RINGS OFF, STARES AT LONELY. FOR A LONG MOMENT. LONELY SHRUGS, ~~MOVES TOWARDS THE DOOR.~~

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LONELY: Just tell me the Tube station, and I'll go and do it now.

CALLAN: Forget it.

LONELY: Eh ? (OPENS FIST) What about this ?

CALLAN: Use it to pick your teeth. They could do with it.

CUT TO:

36. INT. BACKSHOP. DAY.

THE DOCTOR IS WRITING OUT A PRESCRIPTION. MARSHALL IN THE DIVAN BED, NADIA ARRANGING HIS PILLOW.

NADIA: You shouldn't have carried that sack.

MARSHALL: Perhaps not. But I'll soon be on my feet, yes Doctor ?

DOCTOR: We'll see about that later.

MARSHALL EXCHANGES A LOOK WITH NADIA.

NADIA: The main thing is to rest.

DOCTOR: I'll be back in a couple of days. Take this last thing at night - it'll help you sleep. (TEARS OFF SLIP) Eat lightly - and don't smoke.

NADIA: Does he have to give it up ?

A LOOK BETWEEN HER AND THE DOCTOR.

DOCTOR: (ON SECOND THOUGHTS) No, well, perhaps not.

MARSHALL: Thank you.

NADIA: I'll see you out.

SHE GOES OUT WITH THE DOCTOR.

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37. INT. PET SHOP. DAY.

NADIA CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND THEM AS SHE SEES THE DOCTOR OUT THROUGH THE SHOP. SHE DROPS HER VOICE.

NADIA: How long ?

DOCTOR: ~~Roughly three months.~~ Three, four months. But he'll get progressively more tired. Any physical exertion's ~~bad.~~ bound to shorten his chances.

NADIA: How will he be in, say, a week's time ?

DOCTOR: ~~Almost~~ Fair. But let's just worry about the next few days, shall we ?

NADIA: You don't understand. We .. we're going on .. holiday. Next Friday. Abroad.

DOCTOR: I'd say that's quite out of the question.

NADIA: But wouldn't the .. change do him some good ?

DOCTOR: Travel, and I wouldn't give him more than six weeks. I can't say fairer than that.

NADIA: No, you can't. Thank you for coming, Doctor.

SHE SEES HIM OUT, TURNS TO FIND CALLAN. HE HAS BEEN STANDING BEHIND A TALL RANK OF HUTCHES, LISTENING.

CALLAN: Your father's dying.

NADIA: Yes.

CALLAN: ~~You should have told me, (BEAT)~~ Does he know ?

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NADIA: No.

CALLAN: But you knew before today ?

NADIA: (NODS) The last time he fell ill he had a hospital test. They told me then.

CALLAN: That's why you're being recalled ?

NADIA: (NODS) I don't care what the doctor says. We're going.

SHE CRIES SOFTLY. CAMERA GOES CLOSE ON CALLAN.

CALLAN'S VOICE: (S.O.V.) You're the lowest, Hunter. The hospital let you in on it, too. And you pushed me into this just the same ....

CUT TO:

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38. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

CLOSE ON HUNTER. HE IS HAVING A FURIOUS ROW WITH CALLAN.

HUNTER: What difference does it make ?

CALLAN: Trust you, Hunter! Only ~~You're the lowest~~ you could make use of a man with a few weeks to live! ~~change~~ The next thing you'll be saying is, "that's life".

HUNTER: Well, isn't it ?

CALLAN: You know damn well I wouldn't have gone within a mile of that shop if I'd known.

HUNTER: I thought killing Belukov was what mattered to you?

CALLAN: There's always another time, and I don't want any part of it.

HUNTER: You seem to have forgotten, Callan, that the Marshalls are spies.

CALLAN: Tiddlers. Postal clerks. You said it yourself.

HUNTER: I never said anything about letting them leave the country.

CALLAN: You could allow them to slip out. It's been done before.

HUNTER: (SHRUGS) As a swap for two of our people, perhaps.

CALLAN LOOKS CLOSELY AT HUNTER'S EXPRESSION.

CALLAN: But you can't arrange that, can you? (HUNTER STAYS SILENT) Because Marshall isn't worth anything to the other side now.

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HUNTER: He and his daughter are worth something to us. As a means of getting Belukov.

CALLAN: Then you turn them over to the Special Branch coppers, who all get their pictures in the paper.

HUNTER: I'm bound to. What else did you expect ?

HE GETS UP FROM THE DESK, FEELING HE'S SETTLED THE ARGUMENT.

your failure to think only of the job blinds

You know, Callan, the trouble with you is [redacted] you to reality.

HUNTER: Really ?

CALLAN: I'm not that blind, Hunter. CALLAN: Why do you want them ? Part of the annual drive ? Make you up to Brigadier, will they ?

HUNTER: (RATTLED) That's enough!

CALLAN: The Marshalls will get twenty years apiece, and the old man will be dead in a British jail within a couple of months. What do you do .. play the National Anthem each time you leave the office ?

HUNTER: I'm beginning to doubt your loyalty, Callan.

CALLAN: If you mean for you, you're right. (BEAT) You and me, we're on a different level.

CLOSE ON HUNTER. HARD GLINT.

HUNTER: I'm glad you realise the position.

~~[illegible]~~

CALLAN: If you mean for you, you're dead right. (BEAT) You and me are on a different level, Hunter. Which leaves me free to walk out of here. If you want Belukov, you can get him yourself. Put Meres on it, though Belukov will most likely eat him alive.

HUNTER: Oh yes? → CALLAN:

HUNTER: It's too late for that.

CALLAN: Oh, no, it isn't. I scrapped the phoney message to the Embassy.

HUNTER: That's not what I meant, Callan.

CALLAN PAUSES AT THE DOOR AS HUNTER FLIPS HIS INTERCOM SWITCH.

HUNTER: (CONTD) Ask Meres to come in.

A PAUSE, THEN MERES ENTERS.

HUNTER: Well ?

MERES: It worked perfectly, sir. I'm sure he's quite convinced he's outwitted us.

CALLAN: Who is ?

HUNTER: Roscovitch. With our help, he just escaped. He's no good to us, and no good to them with his cover blown.

HUNTER LEAVES HIS DESK AND MOVES OVER TO TURN ON A TV MONITOR.

(CONTD)

HUNTER: You see, Callan, I thought you might be ready to ~~[illegible]~~ pull out.

MERES: There goes Roscovitch now, sir, approaching the Embassy ..

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ON THE TV MONITOR WE SEE (IF POSSIBLE) A SHOT OF ROSS WALKING TOWARDS AN EMBASSY BUILDING. HUNTER NODS WITH SATISFACTION, LOOKS AT CALLAN.

HUNTER: Straight to Belukov with the news that you've joined the family business.

CALLAN: You bastard.

HUNTER: Bit dodgy for the Marshalls.

MERES: ~~I should say so~~ Must be, sir.

HUNTER: ~~[redacted]~~ My guess is that Belukov will want to clean up ~~[redacted]~~ that pet shop thoroughly. ~~[redacted]~~ As only ~~[redacted]~~ he can ....

FADE OUT.

END OF PART TWO.

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